

**CHRISTIAN
BALLADS**

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Miss Elizabeth Ann Green

March 1841







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CHRISTIAN BALLADS.

To my sister Elizabeth Ann Guion

March 16th 1841

B. G.

And he appointed singers before the Lord, that should praise the
beauty of holiness.—xx. 21. *Second Chronicles.*

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TO
JOHN HENRY HOBART,
OF THE
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, CHELSEA.

MY DEAR HOBART,

I dedicate these Ballads to you, as a duty, and as a pleasure: as a duty, because, but for you, they would never have been written; and as a pleasure, because I rejoice to associate my name with yours, in any thing, however humble, which I am permitted to do for the Church of God. I need not add, that I consider it in happy harmony with the design of the poems, that I am privileged to inscribe them to the inheritor of a name, whose praise is in all the Churches.

I know, that, at least, to you, my little book will not be unacceptable. It will be the remembrancer to both of us, of hours, of which the world knows nothing, and cares less: of a common boyhood that

is fresh in vision, but of which the glistening dews are fast drying up; and of rides, and rambles, and holiday diversions, and long hours of pleasant converse, which will be green in the heart of the survivor, as the turf on the grave of the other, when death shall, for a little season, stay our intercourse, but leave unparalyzed our communion.

Yours, my dear Hobart,

C.

Chelsea, New York, June 28th, 1840.

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*** As most of these Ballads have heretofore been given to the public, it may be proper to say, that they are here preserved essentially the same as they appeared in the CHURCHMAN, with the exception of the ballad entitled ANTIOCH. The alterations in this instance were prompted by a desire to render the volume in no sense polemical: and to exchange controversy for calm expostulation. The ballad, I LOVE THE CHURCH, was originally contributed to the Churchman, in the summer of 1839; a fact which it becomes necessary to mention, as it was copied into a British periodical without credit, and was thence circulated in America, as written in England.

BALLADS.



B A L L A D S .

ST. SACRAMENT:

A LEGEND OF LAKE GEORGE.

1.

WHEN summer showers had made the woods
Like Erin's island green,
And rolled away the thunder-floods
Above the sunset-sheen ;
I came where my postillion raised
His horsewhip for a wand,
And said, there 's Horicon, good sir,
And here 's the Bloody Pond !

2.

And don't you see yon low gray wall,
With grass and bushes grown ?
Well, that 's Fort George's palisade,
That many a storm has known :
But here 's the Bloody Pond, I say,
Where many a soldier tall,
Has stained the spring—that ne'er was pure
Since that red burial.

3.

'T was rare to see ! That vale beneath ;
That lake so calm and cool !
But mournful was each lily-wreath,
Upon the turbid pool ;
And—on, postillion, on, I cried,
I seek a purer flood ;
O, stay me not where man has dyed
The fount with brother's blood !

4.

An hour—and though the Even-star
Was chasing down the sun,
My boat was on thine azure wave,
Sweet, Holy Horicon !
And woman's voice cheered on our bark.
' With soft, bewildering song,
While fireflies darting through the dark,
Went lighting us along.

5.

Anon, that bark was on the beach,
And soon, I stood alone
Upon thy mouldering walls, Fort George,
So old, and ivy-grown.
At once, old tales of massacre
Were crowding on my soul,
And ghosts of ancient sentinels
Paced up the rocky knoll.

6.

The shadowy hour was dark enow
For fancy's wild campaign,
And moments were impassioned hours
Of battle and of pain :
Each brake and thistle seemed alive
With fearful shapes of fight,
And up the feathered scalp-locks rose
Of many a tawny sprite.

7.

The Mohawk war-whoop howled agen ;
I heard St. Denis' charge,
And then the volleyed musketry
Of England and St. George.
The vale, the rocks, the cradling hills,
From echoing rank to rank,
Rung back the warlike rhetoric
Of Huron and of Frank.

8.

So, keep thy name, Lake George, said I,
And bear to latest day,
The memory of our primal age,
And England's early sway ;
And when Columbia's flag shall here
Her starry glories toss,
Be witness how our fathers fought
Beneath St. George's cross,

9.

An hour again—and shone the moon
Above the mountain gray,
And there the pearly Horicon
Leap'd up like fountain spray;
The rippled wavelets seemed to dance,
And starlight seemed to sing;
I never saw, in all my life,
So gay and bright a thing.

10.

And naught, save lulling catydid,
Presumed the hush to mar;
And then it was, I longed to hear
Some light canoe afar;
I listened for the paddle's dip,
And in the moon-path clear,
I wished some Indian bark might glide,
With all its shapes of fear.

11.

The Indian tales of Horicon,
Were in my spirit now,
And Indian warriors of old,
With more than Roman brow;
And all the forest histories
That make our young romance,
As in a wizard's glass, they moved
O'er that blue lake's expanse.

12.

And keep thy name, clear Horicon,
Thine Indian name, said I;
'T is meet, if thine old lords are dead,
Their fame should never die :
So keep thy name, sweet Horicon,
And be, to latest days,
Thine old free-dwellers' monument,
Their glory and their praise.

13.

But morn was up, the beamy morn,
That sapphire lake above,
O'er waters blue as amethyst,
And innocent as love ;
And there 'twas glorious to cool
The glowing breast and limb,
For never did a river-nymph
In sweeter ripples swim.

14.

All day my boat was on the lake,
My thoughts upon its shore ;
And emerald islets, one by one,
My joyous footsteps bore :
And where, from green and mossy nests,
The sparks of quartz outshine,
I pulled young flowerets from the rocks,
And oped the crystal mine :

15.

But when the breezy even came,
 Again, outstretched I lay,
Upon the weedy battlements
 Of that old ruin gray.
And all alone, 'twas beautiful
 To muse, reclining there,
And feel the chill, so desolate,
 Of half autumnal air.

16.

Afar, afar, I cast mine eye
 Adown the winding view :
The lake, the distance, and the sky
 Were all a heavenly blue :
And distant THUNG rose glorious
 With colours for his crown,
And girt with clouds all rainbow-like,
 And robes of green and brown.

17.

A holy stillness, and a calm,
 O'er me and nature stole,
And, like a babe, the waters slept,
 Within their pebbled bowl :
The gales that tossed my tangled hair,
 And stirred the fragrant fern,
They only kissed the water's breast,
 And smoothed its brimming urn.

18.

And I was dreaming, though awake,
Such thoughts as made me sigh,
When, hark ! the alder-bushes break,
And falls a footstep nigh !
A man of olden years came up ;
A brown old yeoman he !
And on through thorn, and reedy bank,
He pushed his way to me.

19.

He climbed the rough old demilune,
With iron-studded shoe,
Upturning, at his every stride,
Old flints and bullets too.
And arrow-heads that told a tale,
Were in each earthy clod,
That rumbled down the ravelin,
And crumbled as he trod.

20.

Now tell me, tell me, yeoman good,
One tale to bear away,
With relics for the well-beloved,
Of this old ruin gray ;
With flowers, I've gathered round the mole,
One legend would I twine ;
And you may chance remember one,
That was some kin of mine !

21.

Canst tell of Cleveland, or Monroe,
That fought for George's sake :
Or know you of the young Montcalm,
Or Uncas on the lake ?
He called it Lake St. Sacrament,
That yeoman brown and brave,
And thus, half-soldier and half clown,
His simple story gave.

22.

My father was a Frenchman bold,
Came o'er the bitter sea,
And here he poured his red-red blood,
For Louis' fleur-de-lys :
And yonder did he bid me swear,
To say when he was gone,
He drinks the Holy Sacrament,
Who drinks of Horicon.

23.

And then a lake-drop on his lip,
A tear-drop in his eye,
He blest his boy, his king, his God,
And turned away to die :
A moment—and St. George's flag,
And England's musket roar,
They rapt me from my soldier-sire,
And I beheld no more.

24.

He drinks the Holy Sacrament,
Who drinks this crystal wave,
That Sacrament baptized his death,
And was, I ween, his grave ;
Adieu, adieu, thou stranger youth,
But say when I am gone,
This lake is Lake St. Sacrament,
And not Lake Horicon.

25.

And down the quarry stumbled he,
Ere I could hold him back ;
But sounds of crackling alderbush,
Betrayed his sturdy track :
I saw the cottage-smoke upwreathe,
Beneath the mountain shade,
And there I knew that old yeoman,
No doubt his shelter made.

26.

And there, when I had followed him,
He told me, more and more,
The magic and the witchery
Of that romantic shore :
'Tis many a year, he said, since here
There was no Christian soul ;
The Indian only and the deer,
To taste these waters stole.

27.

The savage, in the heat of noon,
Came panting through the wood,
To stain the silver-pebbled beach,
And wash away his blood ;
And there, where those white poplars stand,
They fought a horrid fray ;
The very leaves that shaded them,
Are trembling to this day.

28.

But then, another moon beheld
Those savage chiefs agen,
All gathered as at council-fires,
Or leagued with peaceful men :
They listened, in their multitudes,
To one, that midst them stood,
And reared the cross—as painters draw
John Baptist in the Wood.

29.

They listened to his silver words
Upon the pebbled strand :
And soon they welcomed in their hearts,
The reign of God at hand.
With laud and anthem rung the grove ;
And here, where howled their yell,
I've heard their Christian litanies,
And old TE DEUM swell.

30.

And when the golden Easter came,
 Again they gathered there,
All eager for the Christian name,
 And CHRIST's dear cross to bear.
Oh forest-aisles, ye trembled then,
 Like fanes where organs roll,
To hear those savage-featured men
 Outpour the Christian soul !

31.

And in the wildwood's walks they knelt
 To own their sins and pray ;
And in those holy water-floods,
 They washed their sins away :
By Horicon, the Trinal God
 Confessed them for his sons,
And there the HOLY SPIRIT sealed
 His own begotten ones.

32.

O Abbana and Pharpar old
 Must yield to Jordan's flow ;
But never this clear Horicon ;
 The Prophet said not so !
For sins more dire than leprosy
 These waves have washed away,
And so they named clear Horicon,
 St. Sacrament for aye.

33.

Then onward sped the missionary
The wilderness to wake :
A voice was on the desert air,
For God a highway make !
The lifted cross, from hill to hill,
Proclaimed the Gospel word,
But sweet St. Sacramento was still
The laver of the Lord !

34.

And years on years went rolling by ;
The Indian boy grew old ;
But longed once more, ere he should die,
That laver to behold :
And panting from his pilgrimage
He came at heat of day ;
The lake was calm as in his youth,
St. Sacramento for aye.

35.

Then fell the white-man's tracks around
Upon this virgin sand :
And bowed thy glories, Horicon,
Before his faithless hand !
He sent these waters o'er the sea
In marble urns to shine,
And christened babes of Royalty
In streams that christened mine.

36.

Adieu, adieu ! my stranger boy ;
But say, when I am gone,
This lake is Lake St. Sacramento,
And not Lake Horicon :
And when some lip that charmeth thee,
Shall ask of thee a lay,
O bid her call Lake Horicon,
St. Sacramento for aye.

37.

Then keep thy name, sweet Lake, said I,
Thine holy name alone !
I love St. George's memory,
And Indian honour flown ;
But never heard I history
Like thine, old man, this day :
The lake is CHRIST's for evermore,
St. Sacramento for aye.

BALLAD.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require, ever that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, & behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple.—*Psalter*.

1.

THE first dear thing that ever I loved
Was a mother's gentle eye,
That smiled as I woke on the dreamy couch
That cradled my infancy :
I never forget the joyous thrill
That smile in my spirit stirred,
Nor how it could charm me against my will,
Till I laughed like a joyous bird.

2.

And the next fair thing that ever I loved
Was a bunch of summer flowers,
With odours, and hues, and loveliness,
Fresh as from Eden's bowers.
I never can find such hues agen,
Nor smell such a sweet perfume :
And if there be odours as sweet as then,
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

3.

And the next dear thing that ever I loved
Was a fawn-like little maid,
Half-pleased, half-awed by the frolic boy
That tortured her doll, and played :
I never can see the gossamere
Which rude rough zephyrs tease,
But I think how I tossed her flossy locks,
With my whirling bonnet's breeze.

4.

And the next good thing that ever I loved,
Was a bow-kite in the sky :
And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,
And a dog for my company :
And a jingling hoop, with many a bound
To my measured strike and true,
And a rocket sent up to the firmament,
When Even was out so blue.

5.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love
Was a field of wavy grain,
Where the reapers mowed : or a ship in sail
On the billowy, billowy main :
And the next was a fiery prancing horse
That I felt like a man to stride ;
And the next was a beautiful sailing boat
With a helm it was hard to guide.

6.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love,
Is tenderer far to tell :
'Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye
That dazzled me with its spell ;
And the loveliest things I had loved before
Were only the landscape now,
On the canvass bright where I pictured her,
In the glow of my early vow.

7.

And the next good thing I was fain to love
Was to sit in my cell alone,
Musing o'er all these lovely things,
Forever, forever flown.
Then out I walked in the forest free,
Where wantoned the Autumn wind,
And the coloured boughs swung shiveringly,
In harmony with my mind.

8.

And a Spirit was on me that next I loved,
That ruleth my spirit still,
And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,
Albeit against my will.
And I walked the woods till the winter came,
And then did I love the snow,
And I heard the gales through the wildwood aisles
Like the Lord's own organ blow.

9.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk,
I saw it afar away,
Surpliced with snows, like the bending priest
That kneels in the church to pray :
And I thought of the vaulted fane and high,
Where I stood when a little child,
Awed by the lauds sung thrillingly,
And the anthems undefiled.

10.

And again to the vaulted church I went,
And I heard the same sweet prayers,
And the same full organ-peals upsent,
And the same soft soothing airs ;
And I felt in my spirit so drear and strange,
To think of the race I ran,
That I loved the sole thing that knew no change
In the soul of the boy and man.

11.

And the tears I wept in the wilderness,
And that froze on my lids, did fall,
And melted to pearls for my sinfulness,
Like scales from the eyes of Paul :
And the last dear thing I was fond to love,
Was that holy service high,
That lifted my soul to joys above,
And pleasures that do not die.

12.

And then, said I, one thing there is
That I of the LORD desire,
That ever, while I on earth shall live,
I will of the LORD require,
That I may dwell in his temple blest
As long as my life shall be,
And the beauty fair of the LORD of Hosts,
In the home of his glory see.

ANTIOCH.

And the disciples were called CHRISTIANS first in Antioch.

Acts 11 : 26.

1.

OLD Antioch shall answer ye
What title I would claim !
Old Antioch—whence Christian men
Confess their Christian name.
I wear no other name but CHRIST'S,
And His is name enow,
Writ by our mother's spousal hand
On all her children's brow.

2.

Yet something doth that mother give,
A token to her sons,
And Catholic doth she surname
Her LORD's begotten ones :
And these the children of her love,
Are children all of Heaven ;
Lo I—she answereth to God,
And these that thou hast given.

3.

I know that many martyrs died
At rack and cruel stake,
And Cranmer laid his prelate hand
On Fire, for JESUS' sake :
And many a bishop's burning heart,
Like flame was lost in flame :
But CHRIST—not Cranmer—died for me ;
I'll wear no other name.

4.

I wear the name of CHRIST my God,
So name me not from man !
And my broad country Catholic,
Hath neither tribe nor clan :
Its rulers are an endless line
Through all the world that went,
Commissioned from the Holy Hill
Of CHRIST's sublime ascent.

5.

For there, the LORD immaculate
(Himself ordained that came
And not himself did glorify
To wear his priestly name :)
His mantle—as he went on high,
To chosen sons bequeathed,
And bade his Shepherds feed his lambs,
As o'er them all he breathed.

6.

'Twas there, as God had sent the Son,
The Son his own did send,
And with them promised to abide
For ever—to the end :
And faithful to his plighted love
The LORD is with us yet,
Where our apostles bear the keys
He left on Olivet.

7.

Then call me not to other folds ;
No greener fields I see ;
The shepherds of my LORD alone
Can feed a lamb like me :
I cannot wander, if I will,
And whensoever wooed,
Outflames a burning chronicle
In Peter and in Jude.

8.

I read how Korah boldly swung
The censer God abhorred,
And spurned old Aaron's litanies,
Commanded of the LORD.
Those bold apostles echo it,
And while their voice I hear,
If your new folds were Paradise,
That waving sword I fear.

9.

I hear my Saviour's earnest prayer,
That one we all may be,
And—oh, how can I go with them,
Who tear him bodily ;
I see the heralds at my side
Whom Jesus sent of yore ;
And can I spurn such holy hands !
I love my Saviour more.

10.

Dear Lamb of God ! I know full well
All power to Thee was given,
And O there is none other name,
To name us, under Heaven !
I know when thou didst send a line
Through all the world to run,
No arm of flesh, if that hath failed,
Can weave a surer one !

11.

Thou, Priest and Prophet both for us,
Art priest above in heaven ;
But to apostles still on earth,
Thy prophet power is given ;
Thank God, it never failed, nor shall !
That long unbroken chain,
Begun in Thee—in Thee shall end,
When thou shalt come again.

12.

So CHRIST forbid that I should boast,
Save in his blood-red cross,
And let me, for the Crucified,
Count other gain but loss ;
And ye that scorn his follower,
And deem my glory shame,
Forget not in upbraiding me,
To name me, by His name.

CHRONICLES.

I.

THE STORY OF SOME RUINS.

1.

THE abbey and the arches,
The old cathedral piles,
Oh, weep to see the ivy
And the grass in all their aisles ;
The vaulted roof is fallen,
And the bat and owl repose,
Where once the people knelt them,
And the high TE DEUM rose.

2.

Oh, were they not JEHOVAH'S !
Was not his honour there !
Or hath the LORD deserted
His holy house of prayer ?
Time was, when they were holy
As the place of Jacob's rest,
And their altars all unspotted
As the Virgin mother's breast.

3.

Oh, wo the hour that brought him !
The Roman and his reign,
To shed o'er all our temples,
The scarlet hue and stain !
Till the mitre and the crosier
Were dizzen'd o'er with gems,
And sullied with the tinsel
Of the Cæsars' diadems.

4.

But still our Father loved us,
And the holy place had still
Its beauty, and its glory,
On its old eternal hill !
His heritage they trampled—
Those men of iron rod !
But still it tower'd in honour,
The temple of our God.

II.

MARTYRS REFORM THE CHURCH.

1.

Ye abbeys and ye arches,
Ye old cathedral piles,
The martyrs' noble army
Are in your hallowed aisles.

And the bishop and the baron
Have knelt together there,
And breathed a vow to heaven
In agony of prayer.

2.

And to chase away the tyrant
From England's happy home,
They have risen like their fathers,
'Gainst the cruel hordes of Rome ;
And martyr-fires are lighted
To purify the sod,
Where the Man of Sin was seated,
And showed himself as God.

3.

Ye abbeys and ye arches,
Ye old cathedral piles,
Again a holy incense
Is in your vaulted aisles !
Again in noble English
The Christian anthems swell,
And out the organ pealeth,
Over stream and stilly dell.

4.

And the bishop, and the deacon,
And the presbyter are there,
In pure and stainless raiment,
At eucharist and prayer ;

And the bells swing free and merry,
And a nation shouteth round,
For the LORD himself hath triumphed,
And his voice is in the sound.

III.

BUT REGICIDES FOUND DISSENT.

1.

Ye abbeys and ye arches,
Ye old cathedrals blest
Be strong against the earthquake,
And the days of your unrest ;
For not the haughty Roman
Could make old England bow,
But the children of her bosom
Are the foes that trouble now.

2.

A gleam is in the abbey,
And a sound ariseth there !
'Tis not the light of worship,
'Tis not the voice of prayer ;
Their hands are red with murder,
And a prince's fall they sing !
They would kill the LORD of glory
Should he come again as King.

3.

And a lawless soldier tramples
Where the holy loved to kneel,
And he spurns a bishop's ashes
With his ruffian hoof of steel !
Ay, horses have they stabled
Where the blessed martyrs knelt,
That neigh where rose the anthem,
And the psalm that made us melt.

4.

There, once a glorious window,
Shed down a flood of rays,
With rainbow hues and holy,
And colours all ablaze !
Its pictured panes are broken,
Our fathers' tombs profaned,
And the font where we were christen'd,
With the blood of brothers stained.

IV.

AND FULFIL THE SEVENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

1.

Ye abbeys and ye arches,
Ye old cathedrals dear,
The hearts that love you tremble,
And your enemies have cheer ;

But the prayers ye heard are breathing,
And your litanies they sing ;
There are holy men in England
That are praying for their king.

2.

The noble in the cottage,
While the hind is in the hall,
Still kneels, as if he heard them,
When your chimes were wont to call :
And at morning, and at evening,
There are high-born hearts and true,
In the lowliest huts of England,
That will bless the king, and you.

3.

And bishops in their prison
Will still the lessons read,
How the good are often troubled,
While the vilest men succeed ;
How God's own heart may honour
Whom the people oft disown,
And how the royal David
Was driven from his throne.

4.

And their Psalter mourneth with them,
O'er the carvings and the grace,
Which axe and hammer ruin,
In the fair and holy place ;

O'er the havoc they are making
In all the land abroad,
And the banners of the cruel
In the dwelling house of God.

V.

BUT GOD IS WITH US TO THE END.

1.

Ye abbeys and ye arches,
How few and far between—
The remnants of your glory
In all their pride are seen ;
A thousand fanes are fallen,
And the bat and owl repose
Where once the people knelt them,
And the high TE DEUM rose.

2.

But their dust and stones are precious
In the eyes of pious men,
And the baron hath his manor,
And the king his own again !
And again the bells are ringing
With a free and happy sound,
And again TE DEUM riseth.
In all the churches round.

3.

Now pray ye for our mother,
That England long may be,
The holy, and the happy,
And the gloriously free !
Who blesseth her, is blessed !
So peace be in her walls ;
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls !

4.

All ye, who pray in English,
Pray God for England, pray !
And chiefly, thou, my country,
In thy young glory's day !
Pray God those times return not,
'Tis England's hour of need !
Pray for thy mother—daughter,
Plead God, for England—plead.

OLD CHURCHES.

Look down from heaven, behold and visit this vine, and the place of the vineyard that thy right hand hath planted.—*Psalter*.

1.

HAST been where the full-blossomed bay-tree is
blowing,
With odours like Eden's around ?
Hast seen where the broad-leaved palmetto is
growing,
And wild-vines are fringing the ground ?
Hast sat in the shade of catalpas, at noon,
And eat the cool gourds of their clime ;
Or slept where magnolias were screening the moon,
And the mocking-bird sung her sweet rhyme ?

2.

And didst mark, in thy journey, at dew-dropping eve,
Some ruin peer high o'er thy way,
With rooks wheeling round it, and bushes to weave
A mantle for turrets so gray ?
Did ye ask if some lord of the cavalier kind,
Lived there, when the country was young ?
And burned not the blood of a Christian, to find
How there, the old prayer-bell had rung !

3.

And did ye not glow, when they told ye—the LORD
 Had dwelt in that thistle-grown pile ;
And that bones of old Christians were under its sward,
 That once had knelt down in its aisle ?
And had ye no tear-drops your blushes to steep
 When ye thought—o'er your country so broad,
The bard seeks in vain for a mouldering heap,
 Save only these churches of GOD !

4.

Oh ye that shall pass by those ruins agen,
 Go kneel in their alleys and pray,
And not till their arches have echoed amen,
 Rise up, and fare on, in your way.
Pray GOD that those aisles may be crowded once more,
 Those altars surrounded and spread,
While anthems and prayers are upsent as of yore,
 As they take of the wine-cup and bread.

5.

Ay, pray on thy knees, that each old rural fane
 They have left to the bat and the mole,
May sound with the loud-pealing organ again,
 And the full-swellling voice of the soul.
Peradventure, when next thou shalt journey thereby,
 Even-bells shall ring out on the air,
And the dim-lighted windows reveal to thine eye,
 The snowy-robed pastor at prayer.

CHURCHYARDS.

ST. GEORGE'S—HEMPSTEAD.

1.

I NEVER can see a churchyard old,
With its mossy stones and mounds,
And green-trees weeping the unforgot
That rest in its hallowed bounds ;
I never can see the old churchyard,
But I breathe to God a prayer,
That, however I sleep in this fevered life,
I may rest when I slumber there.

2.

Our mother, the Earth, hath a cradle-bed
Where she gathereth sire and son,
And the old-world's fathers are pillowed there,
Her children every one !
And her cradle it hath a dismal name,
In mirth or music's din,
And pale is the cheek at dance or wine,
If a song of its sleep break in.

3.

But our mother the Church, hath a gentle nest,
Where the LORD's dear children lie,
And its name is sweet to a Christian ear
As a motherly lullaby ;
Oh the green churchyard, the green churchyard,
Is the couch she spreads for all,
And she layeth the cottager's baby there,
With the lord of the tap'stry hall !

4.

Our mother the Church hath never a child,
To honour before the rest,
And she singeth the same for mighty kings,
And the veriest babe on her breast ;
And the bishop goes down to his narrow bed,
As the ploughman's child is laid,
And alike she blesseth the dark-brow'd serf,
And the chief in his robe arrayed.

5.

She sprinkles the drops of the bright new-birth,
The same, on the low and high,
And christens their bodies with dust to dust,
When earth with its earth must lie ;
Oh the poor man's friend, is the Church of CHRIST
From birth, to his funeral day ;
She makes him the LORD's, in her surpliced arms,
And singeth his burial lay.

6.

And ever the bells in the green churchyard
Are tolling, to tell ye this ;
Go pray in the church, while pray ye can,
That so ye may sleep in bliss.
And wise is he in the glow of life,
Who weaveth his shroud of rest,
And graveth it plain on his coffin-plate,
That the dead in CHRIST are blest.

7.

I never can see a green churchyard,
But I think I may slumber there ;
And I wonder within me, what strange disease,
Shall bring me to homes so fair,
And whether in breast, in brain, or blood,
There lurketh a secret sore,
Or whether this heart, so warm and full,
Hath a worm at its inmost core.

8.

For I know, ere long, some limb of mine,
To the rest, may traitor prove,
And steal from the strong young frame I wear,
The generous flush, I love :
I know I may burn into ashes soon,
With this feverish flame of life,
Or the flickering lamp may soon blaze out,
With its dying self at strife :

9.

And here—I think—when they lay me down
How strange will my slumber be,
The cold, cold clay for my dreamless head,
And the turf for my canopy ;
How stilly will creep the long, long years
O'er my quiet sleep away,
And oh what a waking that sleep shall know,
At the peal of the Judgment-day !

10.

Up—up from the graves and the clods around
The quickened bones will stare ;
I know that within this green churchyard
A host shall be born to air :
A thousand shall struggle to birth agen,
From under the sods I tread :
Oh, strange—thrice strange, shall the story be
Of the field where they lay the dead !

11.

Oh bury me then, in the green churchyard,
As my old fore-fathers rest,
Nor lay me in cold Necropolis,
Mid many a grave unblest :
I would sleep where the church-bells aye ring out ;
I would rise by the house of prayer,
And feel me a moment at home, on earth,
For the Christian's home is there.

12.

I never loved cities of living men,
And towns of the dead, I hate ;
Oh let me rest in the churchyard then,
And hard by the church's gate :
'Tis there I pray to my Saviour CHRIST,
And I will till mine eye is dim,
That, sleep as I may in this fevered life,
I may rest, at last, in Him.

OLD TRINITY.

EASTER EVEN, 1840.

Thy servants think upon her stones, and it pitieth them to see her
in the dust.—*Psalter.*

1.

THE Paschal moon is ripe to-night
On fair Manhada's bay,
And soft it falls on Hoboken,
As where the Saviour lay :
And beams beneath whose paly shine
Nile's troubling angel flew,
Show many a blood-besprinkled door
Of our passover too.

2.

But here, where many an holy year
It shone on arch and aisle,
What means its cold and silver ray
On dust and ruined pile ?
Oh where 's the consecrated porch,
The sacred lintel where,
And where 's that antique steeple's height
To bless the moonlight air ?

3.

I seem to miss a mother's face
In this her wonted home ;
And linger in the green churchyard
As round that mother's tomb.
Old Trinity ! thou too art gone !
And in thine own blest bound,
They've laid thee low, dear mother church,
To rest in holy ground !

4.

The vaulted roof that trembled oft
Above the chaunted psalm ;
The quaint old altar where we owned
Our very Paschal Lamb ;
The chimes that ever in the tower
Like seraph-music sung,
And held me spell-bound in the way
When I was very young ;—

5.

The marble monuments within ;
The 'scutcheons, old and rich ;
And one bold bishop's effigy
Above the chancel-niche ;
The mitre and the legend there
Beneath the colored pane ;
All these—thou knewest, Paschal moon,
But ne'er shalt know again !

6.

And thou wast shining on this spot
 That hour the Saviour rose !
 But oh, its look that Easter morn,
 The Saviour only knows.
 A thousand years—and 'twas the same,
 And half a thousand more ;
 Old moon, what mystic chronicles,
 Thou keepest, of this shore !

7.

And so, till good Queen Anna reigned,
 It was a heathen sword :
 But then they made its virgin turf,
 An altar to the LORD.
 With holy roof they covered it ;
 And when Apostles came,
 They claimed, for CHRIST, its battlements,
 And took it in God's name.

8.

Then, Paschal moon, this sacred spot
 No more thy magic felt,
 Till flames brought down the holy place,
 Where our forefathers knelt :
 Again, 'tis down—the grave old pile ;
 That mother church sublime !
 Look on its roofless floor, old moon,
 For 'tis thy last—last time !

9.

Ay, look with smiles, for never there
Shines Paschal moon agen,
Till breaks the Earth's great Easter-day
O'er all the graves of men !
So wane away, old Paschal moon,
And come next year as bright ;
Eternal rock shall welcome thee,
Our faith's devoutest light !

10.

They rear old Trinity once more :
And, if ye weep to see,
The glory of this latter house,
Thrice glorious shall be !
Oh lay its deep foundations strong,
And, yet a little while,
Our Paschal Lamb himself shall come
To light its hallowed aisle.

ENGLAND.

1.

LAND of the rare old chronicle,
The legend and the lay,
Where deeds of Fancy's dream, are truths
Of all thine ancient day ;
Land where the holly-bough is green
Around the druid's pile,
And greener yet the histories
That wreathe his rugged isle ;

2.

Land of old story—like thine oak
The aged, but the strong,
And wound with antique mistletoe
And ivy-wreaths of song ;
Old isle and glorious—I have heard
Thy fame across the sea,
And know my fathers' homes are thine ;
My fathers rest with thee !

3.

I know they sleep in hallow'd ground
 Beneath the Church's shade,
Where ring old bells eternally
 For prayer incessant made ;
Nor dull their ear to living prayers,
 Nor vain the anthem's swell !
Where Christian sounds are lulling him,
 The Christian slumbers well.

4.

And I could yet my dust lay down
 Beneath old England's sward,
For lulled by her, 'twere sweet to wait
 The coming of the LORD :
Oh England, let thy child desire
 Upon thy breast to be,
And bless thee in the mother-words
 My mother taught to me !

5.

For I have learned them in the tales
 Thy sagest sons have told,
And loved their music in romance
 And roundelays of old :
And I have heard thy poet tide
 From fountain-head along,
From warbled gush, to torrent roar
 And cataract of song.

6.

And thou art no strange land to me
From Cumberland to Kent,
With hills and vales of household name
And woods of wild event :
For tales of Guy and Robinhood
My childhood ne'er could tire,
And Alfred's poet story roused
My boyhood to the lyre.

7.

All thanks to pencil and the page
Of graver's mimic art,
That England's panorama gave
To picture up my heart ;
That round my spirit's eye have built
Thine old cathedral piles,
And flung the chequered window-light
Adown their trophied aisles.

8.

I know thine abbey, Westminster,
As sea-birds know their nest :
And flies my home-sick soul to thee
When it would find a rest ;
Where princes and old bishops sleep,
With sceptre and with crook,
And mighty spirits haunt around
Each gothic shrine and nook.

9.

I feel the sacramental hue
Of choir and chancel there,
And pictured panes that chasten down
The day's unholy glare :
And dear it is, on cold gray stone
To see the sunbeams crawl,
In long drawn lines of colored light,
That streak the fretted wall.

10.

I hear the choir's low mutter'd chant,
The organ's thunder roll,
I kneel me on the chilly floor,
And pray with all my soul ;
I feel that God himself is there,
And saints are sleeping round ;
Oh, save the holy sepulchre,
'Tis earth's most holy ground !

11.

And I have lived my student years
On Isis' wizard side,
In sooth, no candidate, I ween,
For Alma-Mater's pride ;
For Fancy that could awe my soul
To surplice, cope, and gown,
Hath mingled me in college-freaks,
And quarrels with the Town.

12.

But song and organ sober me
 With priest and choir to pray,
Or let my lamp in cloisters burn
 The midnight into day :
Chameleon-like my soul could take
 Its every hue from thine,
From Eastcheap's epidemic laugh,
 To Avon's gloom divine.

13.

Oh England, I have lived in thee,
 Though I am far away !
With thee I spend each holy-eve,
 And every festal day :
My Sunday morn is musical
 With England's steeple-tone,
And when thy Christmas hearths are bright,
 A blaze is on mine own.

14.

What though upon thy dear green hills,
 My footsteps never trod ;
Thine empire is as far and wide
 As all the world of God !
And by the sea-side glorious,
 Have I been wont to stand,
For ocean is old England's own
 Where'er it beats the land.

15.

I've seen thy beacon banners blaze
Our mountain coast along,
And swelled my soul with memories
Of old romaunt and song :
Of Chevy-chase, of Agincourt,
Of many a field they told ;
Of Norman and Plantaganet,
And all their fame of old !

16.

What though the red-cross blazonry
Waved fast and far away ;
Not so the flourish'd vaunt it flung
Of Cœur-de-Lion's day :
Not so the golden tales it told
Of crown and kingdom won,
And how my own forefathers fought
For CHRIST, at Ascalon.

17.

And well thy banner-folds may bear
In red, the Holy Rod,
Thy priests have princes been to men,
Thy princes, priests to God !
And bold to win a crown in heaven
The royal martyr bled ;
The martyrs' noble host is full
Of England's noblest dead !

18.

Thy holy Church !—the Church of God
That hath grown old in thee,
Since there the ocean-roving Dove
Came bleeding from the sea ;
When pierced afar, her weary feet
Could find no home but thine,
Until thine altars were her nest,
Thy fanes her glory's shrine ;

19.

At least that Holy Church is mine !
And every hallow'd day,
I bend where England's anthems swell
And hear old England pray :
And England's old adoring rites,
And old liturgic words,
Are mine !—but not for England's sake ;
I love them as the LORD's !

20.

And I have sung. By Babel's stream
The Hebrew's harp was still,
For there, there was no God for him,
No shrine and holy hill :
But here, by Hudson's glorious wave,
A song of thee I'll sound,
For England's sons and spires are here,
And England's God around.

C H E L S E A .

1.

WHEN old Canúte the Dane
Was merry England's king ;
A thousand years ago, and more,
As ancient rymours sing !
His boat was rowing down the Cam
At eve, one summer day,
Where Ely's tall cathedral peered
Above the glassy way.

2.

Anon, sweet music on his ear,
Comes floating from the fane,
And listening, as with all his soul,
Sat old Canúte the Dane ;
And reverent did he doff his crown,
To join the clerkly prayer,
While swelled old lauds and litanies
Upon the stilly air.

3.

Now, who shall glide on Hudson's breast,
At eve of summer day,
And cometh where St. Peter's tower
Peers o'er his coasting way :
A moment, let him slack his oar,
And speed more still along,
His ears shall catch those very notes
Of litany and song.

4.

The Church that sung those anthem prayers
A thousand years ago,
Is singing yet by silver Cam,
And here by Hudson's flow :
And GLORIAS that thrilled the heart
Of old Canúte the Dane,
Are rising yet, at morn and eve,
From Chelsea's student train.

5.

VENITE EXULTEMUS, there
Those ancient scholars sung,
And JUBILATE DOMINO
The vaulted alleys rung :
And our gray pile will tremble oft
Beneath the organ's roar,
When here those very matin-songs,
And old TE DEUM pour !

6.

And where are kings and empires now,
Since then, that went and came ?
But holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same !
And these that sing shall pass away :
New choirs their room shall fill !
Be sure thy children's children here,
Shall hear those anthems still.

7.

For not like kingdoms of the world,
The holy Church of God !
Though earthquake-shocks be rocking it,
And tempest is abroad ;
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmoveable it stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands !

8.

Though years fling ivy over it,
Its cross peers high in air ;
And reverend with majestic age,
Eternal youth is there !
O mark her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong ;
And hear within her ceaseless voice,
And her unending song !

9.

O ye, that in these latter days
The citadel defend,
Perchance for you, the Saviour said,
I'm with you to the end :
Stand therefore girt about, and hold
Your burning lamps in hand,
And standing, listen for your LORD,
And till he cometh—stand !

10.

The gates of hell shall ne'er prevail
Against our holy home,
But O be wakeful sentinels,
Until the Master come !
The night is spent—but listen ye ;
For on its deepest calm,
What marvel if the cry be heard,
The marriage of the Lamb !

VIGILS.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.

And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding ;

Blessed are those servants whom the lord, when he cometh, shall find watching :

And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants. Luke 12 : 35, 37, being the *Holy Gospel in the Ordering of Deacons*.

1.

It is the fall of eve ;
And the long tapers, now, we light
And watch : for we believe
Our Lord may come at night.
Adeste Fideles.

2.

An hour—and it is Seven,
And fast away the evening rolls :
O, it is dark in heaven,
But light within our souls.
Veni Creator Spiritus !

3.

Hark ! the old bell strikes Eight !
And still we watch with heart and ear,
For as the hour grows late,
The Day-star may be near.
Jubilate Deo !

4.

Hark ! it is knelling Nine !
But faithful eyes grow never dim ;
And still our tapers shine,
And still ascends our hymn.
Cum Angelis !

5.

The watchman crieth Ten !
My soul, be watching for the Light,
For when he comes agen,
'Tis as the thief at night.
Nisi Dominus !

6.

By the old bell—Eleven !
Now trim thy lamps, and ready stand ;
The world to sleep is given,
But JESUS is at hand.
De profundis !

7.

At Midnight—is a cry !
Is it the bridegroom draweth near ?
Come quickly, LORD, for I
Have long'd thy voice to hear !
Kyrie Elêeson !

8.

Could ye not watch One hour ?
Be ready : or the bridal train
And bridegroom, with his dower,
May sweep along in vain.
Miserere mei !

9.

By the old steeple—Two !
And now I know the day is near !
Watch—for his word is true,
And JESUS may appear !
Dies Iræ !

10.

Three—by the drowsy chime !
And joy is nearer than at first.
O, let us watch the time
When the first light shall burst !
Sursum corda.

11.

Four—and a streak of day !
At the cock-crowing he may come ;
And still to all I say,
Watch—and with awe be dumb.
Fili David !

12.

Five!—and the tapers now
In rosy morning dimly burn!

Stand, and be girded thou,
Thy LORD will yet return!
Veni JESU!

13.

Hark! 'tis the Matin-call!
Oh, when our LORD shall come agen
At prime or even-fall,
Blest are the wakeful men!
Nunc dimittis.

MATIN BELLS.

Awake up my glory: awake lute and harp: I myself will awake
right early.—*Psalter.*

1.

THE Sun is up betimes,
And the dappled East is blushing,
And the bonny matin-chimes,
They are gushing—Christian—gushing!
They are tolling in the tower,
For another day begun;
And to hail the rising hour
Of a brighter, brighter Sun!
Rise—Christian—rise!
For a sunshine brighter far
Is breaking o'er thine eyes,
Than the bonny morning-star!

2.

The lark is in the sky,
And his morning-note is pouring:
He hath a wing to fly,
So he's soaring—Christian—soaring!

His nest is on the ground,
But only in the night ;
For he loves the matin-sound,
And the highest heaven's height !
Hark—Christian—hark,
At heaven-door he sings !
And be thou like the lark,
With thy soaring spirit-wings !

3.

The bonny matin-bells,
In their watch-tower they are swinging ;
For the day is o'er the dells,
And they're singing—Christian—singing !
They have caught the morning beam
Through their ivied turret's wreath,
And they know the window's gleam,
And the chancel-rails beneath :
Go—Christian—go,
For the altar hath a glare,
And the snowy vestments glow,
Of the presbyter at prayer !

4.

There is morning-incense flung
From the child-like lily flowers ;
And their fragrant censer swung,
Make it ours—Christian—ours !

And hark, our Mother's hymn,
And the organ-peals we love !
'They sound like cherubim
At their early lauds above !
Pray—Christian—pray,
At the bonny peep of dawn,
Ere the dew-drop and the spray
That christen it, are gone !

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

Upon the bells. Zechariah, 14:20.

1.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have toll'd;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallow'd day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

2.

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime;
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king—
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

3.

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
 Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
 For a Redeemer born;
How merrily they call afar,
 To cot and baron's hall,
With holly deck'd and mistletoe,
 To keep the festival!

4.

The chimes of England, how they peal
 From tower and gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
 The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
 On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
 And banner-dighted walls!

5.

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring!
 Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
 Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
 Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
 From vale to mountain high.

6.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
 With all this soul of mine,
And bless the LORD that I am sprung
 Of good old English line !
And like a son I sing the lay
 That England's glory tells ;
For she is lovely to the LORD,
 For you, ye Christian bells !

7.

And heir of her ancestral fame,
 And happy in my birth,
Thee too I love, my Forest-land,
 The joy of all the earth ;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
 And here—where God is king,
With English chimes, from Christian spires
 The wilderness shall ring.

GO WHERE THE MOSSY ROCK.

An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me. Exodus, 20 : 27.

1.

Go where the mossy rock shall be,
Thy nature-hallow'd shrine,
The leafy copse thy canopy,
Its fringe, the gadding vine !
There let the clusters round that blush,
Be sacramental blood,
And fountains by thy feet that gush
Thy pure baptizing flood.

2.

There let the snowy lawn be spread
Upon the turfy mound :
There break the life-bestowing bread,
And bless the people round.
There, the green bush thy chancel rail,
Its cushion'd floor the sod,
Bid boldly to the sylvan pale,
The kneeling host of God.

3.

Look up, and fretted vaults are there,
And heaven itself shines through,
Or evening is depicted fair,
The starlight, and the blue !
A temple never built by hands,
And many a shadowed aisle,
There—where the column'd forest stands,
Be thy cathedral pile !

4.

There, are full choir and antiphon
At lauds and vesper-time,
And every niche rings unison
With priestly voice, at prime :
There, shall thy solitary soul
Find out its cloister dim,
With not the laboring organ's roll,
But nature's gushing hymn.

5.

There, the full flowers their odours fling
To bid thee pour thy prayer,
And vines their fragrant censers swing
O'er all the hallowed air ;
And sweet as old idolatries
With eastern rites that blend,
Yet harmless shall their incense rise,
And thine to God ascend.

6.

Go to the harvest-whiten'd west,
Ye surpliced priests of God,
In all the Christian armour drest,
And with the Gospel shod :
Go, for their feet are beautiful,
That on the mountain stand,
And more than music, musical,
The watchman's voice at hand.

7.

Go, for the midnight wanes apace ;
The Sun himself is nigh !
Go to the wild and lonely place,
And in the desert cry.
Go,—and the greenwoods are thy fanes,
Thine altars—every sod !
Say to the wilderness, he reigns
Thy Saviour, and thy God !

8.

Lo ! where the unsent heralds run,
Why wait thy priests, oh LORD !
These, that were bid from sun to sun
To preach the Gospel word ?
Oh, to thine harvest, Saviour, send
The hosts of thine employ,
To reap the ripened sheaves that bend,
And shout them home with joy !

DREAMLAND.

1.

A LAY, a lay, good Christians !
I have a tale to tell,
Though I have ne'er a palmer's staff,
Nor hat with scallop-shell :
And though I never went astray
From this mine own countree,
I'll tell what never pilgrim told
That ever rode the sea.

2.

A lay, a lay, good Christians !
My boyish harp is fain
To chaunt our mother's loveliness,
In an eternal strain :
And true it is I never strayed
Beyond her careful hand,
And yet my lay, good Christians,
Is of a Holy-Land.

3.

In Dreamland once I saw a Church ;
Amid the trees it stood ;
And reared its little steeple-cross
Above the sweet greenwood :
And then I heard a Dreamland chime,
Peal out from Dreamland tower,
And saw how Dreamland Christian-folk
Can keep the matin-hour.

4.

And Dreamland Church was decent all,
And green the churchyard round ;
The Dreamland sextons never keep
Their kine in holy ground :
And not the tinkling cow-bell there
The poet's walk becalms ;
But where the dead in CHRIST repose,
The bells ring holy psalms.

5.

And Dreamland folk do love their dead,
For every mound I saw,
Had flowers, and wreaths, and garlands such
As painters love to draw !
I asked what seeds made such fair buds,
And—scarce I trust my ears,
The Dreamland folk averred such things
Do only grow from—tears.

6.

And while I hung the graves around,
I heard the organ pour :
I was the only Christian man
Without that sacred door !
A week-day morn—but Church was full ;
And full the chaunting choir,
For Dreamland music is for God,
And not for man and—hire.

7.

I saw the Dreamland minister
In snowy vestments pray :
He seemed to think 'twas natural
That prayer should ope the day :
And Dreamland folk responded loud
To blessings in God's name,
And in the praises of the LORD,
They had no sense of shame !

8.

And Dreamland folk, they kneel them down
Right on the stony floor ;
I saw they were uncivilized,
Nor knew how we adore :
And yet I taught them not, I own,
Our native curve refined,
For well I knew the picturesque
Scarce suits the savage mind.

9.

And Dreamland folks do lowly bow
To own that CHRIST is GOD :
And I confess I taught them not
The fashionable nod :
And Dreamland folks sing GLORIA
At every anthem's close,
But have not learn'd its value yet
To stir them from a doze.

10.

I saw a Dreamland babe baptized
With all the church to see,
And strange as 'twas—the blessed sight,
'Twas beautiful to me !
For many a voice cried loud Amen,
When o'er its streaming brow,
The pearly cross was characterized,
To seal its Christian vow.

11.

I learned that Dreamland children all,
As bowing sponsors swear,
To bishop's hands are duly brought,
To Eucharist and prayer :
And Dreamland maids wear snow-white veils
At confirmation hour :
For such—an old apostle wrote,
Should clothe their heads, with power.

12.

The Dreamland folk they wed in Church ;
They deem the LORD is there,
And, as of old, in Galilee,
May bless a bridal pair :
And strange enough, the simple ones,
They see in wedded love,
Sweet emblems of their Mother Church,
And CHRIST her LORD above.

13.

I saw a Dreamland funeral
Come up the shadow'd way :
The Dreamland priest was surplice-clad
To meet the sad array,
And when his little flock drew nigh,
To give the dust their dead,
His voice went soothingly before,
As if a shepherd led.

14.

In earth they laid the Dreamland man ;
And then a chaunt was given,
So sweet, that I could well believe,
I heard a voice from heaven :
And singing children o'er the grave
Like cherub chaunters stood,
Pouring their angel lullabies,
To make its slumber good.

15.

The Dreamland folk count seasons four,
All woven into one !
'Tis Advent, Lent, or Easter-time,
Or Trinity begun :
The first is green as emeralde,
The next of cypress-hue,
The third is glorious all as gold,
The fourth is sapphire-blue.

16.

The Dreamland folk are simple ones !
Who knows but these are they,
Described in ancient chronicle,
As Children of the Day !
They seemed no denizens of earth,
But more—a pilgrim-band,
With no abiding city here,
Who seek a better land.

17.

So ends my lay, good Christians ;
And ye that gave me ear,
Confess that 'twas of Holy-Land,
I beckoned ye to hear :
CHRIST bring us all, who bear his cross,
Unto his own countree !
And so no more, good Christians,
Of Dreamland, or of me.

C A R O L .

AIR—The Brave Old Oak.

1.

I know—I know
Where the green leaves grow,
 When the woods without are bare ;
Where a sweet perfume
Of the woodland's bloom,
 Is afloat on the winter air !
When Tempest strong
Hath howled along,
 With his war-whoop wild and loud,
Till the broad ribs broke
Of the forest oak,
 And his crown of glory bowed ;
I know—I know
Where the green leaves grow,
 Though the groves without are bare,
Where the branches nod
Of the trees of God,
 And the wild-vines flourish fair.

2.

For a fragrant crown
When the LORD comes down,
 Of the deathless green we braid,
O'er the altar bright,
Where the tissue white
 Like winter snow is laid.
And we think 'tis meet
The LORD to greet
 As wise-men did of old,
With the spiceries
Of incense-trees
 And hearts like the hoarded gold.
And so we shake
The snowy flake
 From cedar and myrtle fair ;
And the boughs that nod
On the hills of God,
 We raise to his glory there.

3.

I know—I know
Where the waters flow
 In a marble font and nook,
When the frosty sprite
In his strange delight
 Hath fettered the brawling brook.
When the dancing stream
With its broken gleam,

Is locked in its rocky bed ;
And the sing-song fret
Of the rivulet
Is hush as the melted lead ;
Oh then I know
Where the waters flow
As fresh as the springtime flood,
When the spongy sod
Of the fields of God
And the hedges are all in bud.

4.

For the flowing Font
Bids Frost avaunt,
And the Winter's troop so wild ;
And still 'twill gush
In a free full flush
At the cry of a little child.
Oh rare the gleam,
Of the blessed stream
In the noon of a winter day,
When the ruby stain
Of the colour'd pane,
Falls in with holy ray !
For then I think
Of the brimming brink,
And the urns, at the voice divine,
Like Moses' rod
And the rocks of God,
That flushed into ruddy wine.

5.

I know—I know
No place below,
 Like the home I fear and love ;
Like the stilly spot
Where the world is not,
 But the nest of the Holy Dove.
For there broods He
Mid every tree
 That grows at the Christmas-tide,
And there, all year,
O'er the font so clear,
 His hovering wings abide !
And so, I know
No place below
 So meet for the bard's true lay,
As the alleys broad
Of the Church of God,
 Where Nature is green for aye.

L A M E N T

IN THE LENTEN SEASON.

And of some, have compassion. Jude, 22.

1.

O WEEP for them who never knew
The mother of our love,
And shed thy tears for orphan-ones,
Whom angels mourn above ;
The wandering sheep—the straying lambs,
When wolves were on the wold,
That left our Shepherd's little flock,
And ventured from his fold.

2.

Nay, blame them not ! for them, the LORD
Hath loved as well as you :
But O, like JESUS, pray for them
Who know not what they do :
O plead as once the Saviour did,
That we may all be One,
That so the cruel world may know
The Father sent the Son.

3.

O let thy Lenten litanies
 Be full of prayer for them !
O go ye to the scattered sheep
 Of Israel's parent stem !
O keep thy fast for Christendom !
 For CHRIST's dear body mourn ;
And weave again the seamless robe,
 That faithless friends have torn.

4.

Ye love your dear home-festivals,
 With every month entwined ;
O weep for them whose sullen hearths
 No Christmas garlands bind !
Those Iceland regions of the faith
 No changing seasons cheer,
While our sweet paths drop fruitfulness,
 Through all the joyous year.

5.

What though some borealis-beams
 On even them may flare ;
Pray God the sunlight of his love
 May rise serenely there !
For flashy-gleams, O plead the LORD
 To give his Daily ray !
With heavenly light at morn and eve,
 To thaw their wintry way.

6.

O weep for those, on whom the Lord
While here below did weep,
Lest grievous wolves should enter in,
Not sparing of his sheep ;
And eat thy bitter herbs awhile,
That when our Feast is spread,
These too—that gather up the crumbs,
May eat the children's bread.

ST. SILVAN'S BELL.

And the common people heard him gladly. Mark, 12 : 37.

1.

A FORTNIGHT it was from Whitsuntide,
And a service was said that day,
In a little church, that a good man built
In the wilderness far away.
A twelve month before, and there was not there,
Or temple or holy bell,
But the place—it was free from holiness,
As the soul of the Infidel.

2.

Five thousand years this world is old,
And twice four hundred more,
And that green spot had forest been,
From the eldest days of yore :
And there had the red-man made his hut,
And the savage beast his lair,
But never since this old earth was young,
Was it hallowed with Christian prayer.

3.

But now, for the first, a bell rung out,
Through the aisles of the wild greenwood,
And echo came back from the far, far trees,
Like the hallo of Robin Hood :
And the red deer woke in his bosky nook,
That strange, strange sound to hear,
And the jassamine-buds from his side he shook,
And he listened awhile in fear.

4.

But the bell that rings for the Prince of Peace,
Is never a beast's alarm,
And down went his antler'd head agen,
Like an infant asleep on its arm :
And the woodman went by, and stirred him not,
With his wife, and children round,
And the baby leaped up on its mother's breast,
And laughed at the church-bell's sound.

5.

For the babe, he was all unchristened yet,
And well might he leap for joy ;
A fountain was gushing, where rung that bell,
That should make him a Christian boy !
And his mother—she thought of the Catechist,
And she blessed the LORD above,
That her child should be baptized for CHRIST,
And taught in his fear and love.

6.

And she prayed in her heart, as Hannah prayed,
He might kneel at the chancel fair,
Like children they brought to the Lord of old,
To be blest with the bishop's prayer :
And she saw far off, the surpliced priest,
The ring, and the marriage-ban,
Making some maiden a happy wife,
And her boy a happier man.

7.

And the bell rung on ; and the wood sent forth,
From their log-built homes around,
The yeomanry all with their families,
A-wondering at the sound ;
And tears, I saw, in an old man's eye,
That came from a far countree ;
It minded his inmost soul, he said,
Of the church-bells over the sea.

8.

For a boy was he, in England once,
And he loved the merry chimes ;
Had heard them ring out of a Whitsuntide,
And waken the holiday-times !
And a boy was he, when hither he came
But now he was old and gray ;
He had not thought that a Christian bell,
Should toll on his burial day.

9.

A boy was he, when he first swung axe
Against the strong oak limb ;
He was gray-haired now, when he heard the bell
And threw it away from him ;
And he followed the sound—for he thought of home,
And the motherly hand so fair,
That led him along through the churchyard mounds,
And made him kneel down to prayer.

10.

And now did an organ's peal break out,
And the bell-notes died away :
And a holy bishop, in robes, was there,
And priests in their white array.
And I heard a voice go up the aisle,
And the priests responding plain ;
Lift up your heads, ye gates—they said,
For the King of Glory's train !

11.

And I could not but weep, for I knew, on high,
The Saviour had asked of God,
That the utmost lands might all be his,
And the ground whereon I trod :
And I blessed the LORD, that here at length
His own true heralds came,
To claim for CHRIST his heritage,
And hallow it with his name.

12.

Now pray with me, that ever there,
St. Silvan's bell may ring,
And the yeomen brave, with their children all,
The praise of the Saviour sing :
And pray ye still, that further west,
The song of the bell may sound,
Till the land from sea to sea is blest,
And the World is holy ground.

I LOVE THE CHURCH.

1.

I LOVE the Church—the holy Church,
The Saviour's spotless bride ;
And oh, I love her palaces
Through all the land so wide !
The cross-topp'd spire amid the trees,
The Holy bell of prayer ;
The music of our mother's voice,
Our mother's home is there.

2.

The village tower—'tis joy to me,
I cry the LORD is here !
The village bells—they fill my soul :
They more than fill mine ear !
O'er kingdoms to the Saviour won,
Their triumph-peal is hurled ;
Their sound is now in all the earth,
Their words throughout the world.

3.

And here—eternal ocean cross'd,
And long, long ages past ;
In climes beyond the setting sun,
They preach the LORD at last ;
And here, Redeemer, are thy priests
Unbroken in array,
Far from thine Holy Sepulchre,
And thine Ascension-day !

4.

Unbroken in their lineage ;
Their warrants clear as when
Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high,
And give good gifts to men ;
Here, clothed in innocence they stand,
To shed thy mercy wide,
Baptizing in thy holy name,
With waters from thy side.

5.

And here, confessors of thy cross,
Thine holy Orders three,
The bishop, and the elders too,
And lowly deacons be ;
To rule and feed the flock of CHRIST,
To wage a noble strife,
And to the host of God's elect,
To break the bread of Life.

6.

Here rises, every Sabbath morn
Their incense unto Thee,
With bold confession Catholic,
And high Doxology :
Soul-melting litany, is here,
And Holy Gospel's sound ;
And GLORY, LORD, they cry to thee,
In all thy temples round.

7.

Then comes the message of our King,
Delivered from on high ;
How beautiful the feet of them
That on the mountain cry !
And then the faithful sons of CHRIST,
With CHRIST are left alone :
And gather to the sacred feast,
Which JESUS' love hath strewn.

8.

And kneeling by the chancel's side,
With blessings all divine,
As from the Saviour's hand, they take
The broken bread, and wine ;
In one communion with the saints,
With angels and the blest,
And looking for the blessed hope
Of an eternal rest.

9.

The peace of GOD is on their heads,
And so they wend away,
To homes all cheerful with the light,
Of love's inspiring ray!
And through the churchyard and the graves,
With kindly tears they fare,
Where every turf was decent laid,
And hallowed by a prayer.

10.

The dead in CHRIST—they rest in hope;
And o'er their sleep sublime,
The shadow of the steeple moves,
From morn to vesper-chime:
On every mound, in solemn shade,
Its imaged cross doth lie,
As goes the sunlight to the west,
Or rides the moon on high.

11.

I love the Church—the holy Church,
That o'er our life presides,
The birth, the bridal, and the grave,
And many an hour besides!
Be mine, through life, to live in her,
And when the LORD shall call,
To die in her—the spouse of CHRIST,
The Mother of us all.

NOTES.



NOTES.

I.

ST. SACRAMENT.

THIS beautiful sheet of water—the most beautiful lake in the State of New-York—was called *Horicon*, by the Indians, *Lake George*, by the Royal American army, in compliment to the reigning house of Hanover, and *St. Sacrement*, by the French missionaries, who used its waters in the holy sacrament of baptism. The *Bloody Pond*, is a little pool near its southern extremity, which is so called, from its having been the depôt of the bodies of the English who were massacred by the Indians, after the capitulation of Fort George, during the old French war. For a beautiful account of the Lake, and adjoining scenery, see Dr. Dwight's Travels; and, of course, I need not refer the reader to Cooper's *LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, with which every American is supposed to be acquainted.

In stanza *twenty-first*, I have alluded, in passing, to Colonel Cleveland, an officer in the Royal American army, who for his services in the French war, received a grant of land in Ohio, on which has sprung up the flourishing city called by his name.

I visited Lake George in the summer of 1839: a more interesting spot, for scenery and association, I have never seen. The soldier, the historian and the romancer, have done much for it, but Nature more. The sail up the lake, to Ticonderoga, abounds with interest; and fancy suggests a tale for every one of the islets

that are passed, and which I learn, are in number just equal to the days in a year. The waters of the lake overflow into Lake Champlain, by a succession of beautiful chutes; a fact alluded to in stanza *seventeenth*, where the lake is called a *brimming urn*. At Ticonderoga new interest awaits you, in the ruins of the old fort overhanging Lake Champlain; and if you are so happy as to secure the services of the *genius loci*, you will have from the veteran Enoch Gould, *cicerone*, &c., more tales of Ethan Allen, and “Burwine,” than I could write out in a week.

II.

A N T I O C H .

Stanza *fifth*. So also CHRIST glorified not himself, to be made an high priest. *Hebrews*, 5:5. As my FATHER hath sent me, even so send I you—and when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost—whosoever sins, &c. *St. John's Gospel*, 20:21.

Stanza *sixth*. All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth—Go ye therefore. *St. Matthew's Gospel*, 28:20.

Stanza *seventh*. See the Epistle of Jude, and the second chapter of the second Epistle of St. Peter, and compare the story of Korah, to which Jude refers us, in the *sixteenth* chapter of the book of Numbers.

Stanza *ninth*. That they all may be *one*—as thou, FATHER, art in me; and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; *that the world may believe that thou hast sent me*. *St. John's Gospel*, 17:21. Compare II Peter, 2; where the Apostle speaks of those who shall bring in dissensions—“by reason of whom *the way of Truth*, shall be evil spoken of.” These false teachers, says the Apos-

tle, "shall *privily* bring in damnable heresies—even *denying the Lord that bought them.*" Thus the Genevan schism *privily* brought in the Neology of the Continent of Europe, which "denies the Lord that bought them:" the Presbyterian congregations of England, the relics of the Puritan schism, with only two or three exceptions, "deny the Lord that bought them:" and the Congregationalist schism of New-England, is the father of *American Socinianism*, and the modern Pantheism of Harvard University; a college which, though founded with Puritan money, in common with hundreds of congregations throughout New-England, "denies the Lord that bought them." Is there nothing fearful in this?

Stanza *eleventh*. And lo, I am with you always, *even unto the end of the world.* *Matthew*, 28:20. Christ's authority must exist *somewhere*, even now; therefore, of course, with them who have received it in succession, as is taught by the Lord himself—"all power is given unto me:" "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." It is evident, therefore, that to the Apostles was committed the *power* of organizing the Church. How it was to be continued to *the end of the world*, is shown in the letters of St. Paul to Timothy, *apostle*, or bishop of Ephesus: wherefore I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee, *by the putting on of my hands.* *II Timothy*, 1:6. That good thing *which was committed* unto thee, keep, by the Holy Ghost. *Ibid*, 14. And the things that thou hast heard of me, the same *commit thou* to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also. *Ibid*, chap. 2:2. Lay hands *suddenly* on no man. *I Tim.* 5:22.

I refer the honest and ingenuous reader who would fain see the truth, amid the distracting notions of the day, to Percival on the Apostolic Succession, and the discussion between Mr. Barnes and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Pennsylvania, on this subject. The latter is a beautiful specimen of controversy, being sustained by Mr. Barnes on the dissenting side, with distinguished amiableness; and by Bishop Onderdonk, with the dignity and charity due to his holy station. It would be hard for any one to do better for his argument than the wit and

genius of Mr. Barnes have accomplished; and the truly pious spirit in which he writes, has seldom been imitated or equalled by the opponents of Apostolic authority. LESLIE, the celebrated author of "A Short Method with a Deist," has an equally short method with all Dissent, in his tract on "The qualifications for administering the Sacraments." And LAW, the famous author of the *Serious Call*, has beautifully treated the matter, for candid men, in his Letters to Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor.

III.

CHRONICLES.

This ballad was suggested by hearing the 74th Psalm read, in order of worship, at St. Marks, in the Bowery. Could any thing be more descriptive of the state of things in England, during the Puritan ascendancy, than that inspired narrative of just such times of old? or could King David cry with more emphasis than the martyr Charles, "Oh deliver not the soul of thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of the wicked!"

The ballad is a history of the Apostolic commission in England.

Stanza 1.—II. *Martyrs reform the Church.* The reformers of the English branch of the church Catholic of Christ, were Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and—time would fail me to tell of the holy bishops, doctors and pastors who were noble martyrs and confessors of the Truth, against the tyranny of the grasping bishop of Rome!

Stanza 1.—III. But the founders of English Dissent, were the turbulent followers of Cromwell; and the murderers of King Charles and Bishop Laud. These things are too little known; and this age is too careless in "allowing the deeds of its fathers." If, in those trying times, the court was corrupt—so was it in the days of Nero,

when Paul wrote by the Spirit of God, "Honour the king." If the clergy were sometimes depraved—so were they in the days of Christ, when he said, "The Scribes and Pharisees *sit in Moses' seat*; all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, *that observe and do*; but do not ye after their works; for they say and do not."

If King Charles had some faults; so had King David—yet withal David was "a man after God's own heart:" and King Charles died a blessed martyr. If Laud had some superstitions, so had Cotton Mather: and if Laud had Prynne's ears cropped, Cotton Mather burnt witches. Prynne lived to confess that he should have had his *head* cut off, instead of his ears, however! And there was a time when even St. Peter did the same thing to Malchus, as Laud is said to have done to Prynne. Laud kept vigils and fasts, and was called a Papist: Cotton Mather did the same, and called himself a Puritan. Laud died a martyr on the scaffold, gloriously "Looking unto Jesus:" Calvin, after burning Servetus, died in his bed! Cease we from men! The reader is referred to Dr. Southey's book of the Church—one of the most eloquent pieces of history in the language.

Stanza 4.—IV. *Pray for thy mother—daughter.* The American bishops are lineally descended, in spiritual succession, from the apostles, *through the English line*, Bishops White, Madison, and Provoost having received consecration from the British bishops, more than half a century since. The first American bishops landed in America, by happy coincidence, on *Easterday*—which has always been the great festival of the Church of God. The British succession comes through the Greek Church; Augustine, first bishop of Canterbury, having received consecration at *Arles*, from a Bishop of the Greek succession, derived from the apostle John himself. Through Bishop Seabury, however, the American Church unites in itself the Scottish and British successions, as well as the many lines which, in Christ's tender care of his divine commission, are blended in them.

IV.

OLD CHURCHES.

It is scarcely known at the north, that Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, almost abound with the ruins of old churches, many of them situated in the midst of most picturesque scenery, and very often occurring in the time-honored shape of the cross. What good Christian would not do all in his power, to restore these relics of our fathers to the Church? Yet, we are told that they are frequently abandoned, even by the sons of the cavaliers, for some modern building of red brick, which they build along side the old sanctuary, cutting down brave oaks and green laurels, to make a clearing.

This ballad is inserted next, as a link in the chain of history. These "old churches" are the relics of our old colonial state; when, for lack of bishops of our own, all things tended to ruin and downfall.

V.

CHURCHYARDS.

I insert this ballad next, in compliment to the parish of St. GEORGE'S, HEMPSTEAD, which, I understand from its estimable rector, is the oldest in the diocese of New-York, and as such, has historical precedence, of even "Old Trinity."

The ballad was suggested by a moonlight visit to the churchyard, and to the fresh grave of the author's kinsman and dear friend, the late Edward Henry Hyde, some time member of the New-York University; and, at the time of his death, intended for Holy Orders.

VI.

OLD TRINITY.

Easter Even, 1840. At this time, the old edifice having been completely pulled down, the churchyard of Trinity was indeed a strange and desolate sight for Newyorkers, by whom old Trinity was usually regarded as a sort of Tutelar. The intended church will be the most magnificent Christian temple in America; and the Daily Service will, probably, arise there, till Christ comes; a perpetual witness to Wall-street, and the whole metropolis, that they cannot serve God and Mammon.

Stanza 5. *And one bold bishop's effigy.* The statue of Bishop Hobart, was a prominent object in the old church. It represented that noble and devoted prelate, dying in the arms of Faith, and "looking unto Jesus." He fell in his armour, at St. Peter's, Auburn—where he died suddenly, during his visitation, after a life of indefatigable industry and holy zeal for the blessed Gospel and Church of Jesus Christ. The parish of St. Peter's have erected a monument and bust to his memory, in the chancel of their beautiful church.

VII.

ENGLAND:

In this ballad, I have endeavored to express the love and gratitude which, I believe, is cherished by all enlightened and liberal minds in America towards the dear land of our Fathers—and of our mother-tongue.

VIII.

C H E L S E A .

The General Theological Seminary, of the American Church, is at Newyork—in a quarter of the city known as Chelsea. *Chelsea* is, therefore, the name by which her grateful pupils love to celebrate their *sacra mater*.

The anecdote of Canute, comes from the beautiful sonnet of the great Wordsworth.

IX.

V I G I L S .

The Latin lines, at the end of every stanza, are the titles of chaunts appropriate to the several hours. I. *Adeste*—or *Hither ye faithful*. II. *Veni Creator*, or *Come Holy Ghost*—as in the Ordination office. III. *Jubilate Deo*—the 100th Psalm. IV. *Cum Angelis*—the anthem in the Communion Service: *Therefore with angels and archangels, &c.* Of this Communion anthem, *St. Chrysostom* speaks; and from its universal and immemorial use in his day, we cannot give its origin a date, later than the apostolic age. V. *Nisi Dominus*—Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain, Ps. 127. VI. *De profundis*—Out of the depths. Psalm 130. VII. *Kyrie Elëson*—Lord have mercy upon us. VIII. The *Miserere*. Psalm 57. IX. *Dies Irę*—The day of wrath. The words of Mozart's Requiem: *see* an imitation in Scott's Lay. X. *Sursum Corda*—Lift up your hearts. XI. *Fili David*—or, Son of David, have mercy upon us. XII. *Veni Jesu*—Come Lord Jesus—come quickly. XIII. *Nunc Dimittis*—Now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, Luke 2:29—being the song of Simeon.

XIII.

D R E A M L A N D .

Stanza *ninth*. To bow at the name of *Jesus*, where it occurs in the Creed, is a custom of the Church, in token that we "believe in Jesus Christ." Not as a Socinian might say so ; but as *very God*.

Stanza *eleventh*. Why the veil is discontinued by females, at confirmation, we can scarcely imagine. For some reason or other the apostle evidently commands women to be covered in church. (I Corinthians, 11 : 6—10.) Nor can we see why the rule should be transgressed in this most solemn rite.

XIV.

S T . S I L V A N ' S B E L L .

There is, in general, very little taste displayed in the naming of churches. The usual round of *Trinity*, *Paul*, and *George*, is very little varied, in any American diocese. By the way, who was St. George, to be commemorated by Christian edifices? *St. Silvan* would be a pretty name for a church in a sylvan scene ; and surely no one of the apostles, except the original eleven, and St. Paul, deserves more notice than *Silvanus*—or Silas. Not only was he a companion and fellow confessor of the Apostle Paul ; but was also associated with him, and Timotheus, in the epistles to the Thessalonians. *St. John Baptist's in the Wood*—and *St. John's in the Wilderness*, are also fine names for forest churches.

Stanza *tenth*. Lift up your heads, &c.—is recited in procession up the aisle, at the consecration of churches—the bishop reading one verse, and the rest responding. The psalms, which are called

Songs of Degrees in the Bible, were written for similar liturgic use.

This ballad is purely imaginative, though it is believed that histories kindred to it, must necessarily be found every year, where new dioceses are forming, and where the *uttermost parts of the earth* are submitting to the glad empire of our Saviour, Christ.

XV.

L A M E N T .

If an humble member of the Church may make a suggestion: ought not our Lenten Season to be kept with some reference to the divided state of Christendom? In our own land, we find the holiest and loveliest characters, often, arrayed against what *we know* is the Church—the body of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Christ. The circumstances of this country's original settlement were such, as to favour and strengthen a growth of ignorance on this subject, heretofore unparalleled in the Christian world; and through influences of education and accidental prejudice, there are hundreds of pious and gentle spirits wandering from their true mother, and knowing nothing of her. For such, we have only one resource, but that is the best—even prayer. The most cogent and convincing argument fails when directed against their seven-fold armour of pre-judgment or indifference. But prayer may enlist Him in their behalf, who pierceth the joints of the harness. At least, it will help ourselves: for, to be true Catholic Christians in our land and day, we need not only the boldness of Paul, and the ardour of Peter, but more than all, the meekness and long-suffering of our blessed Lord himself. If we were partisans, we might be angry at unwarrantable opposition: if we were striving for earthly things, we might abandon to the chilly arms of their desolate systems, those who answer us with railing ac-

cusation. But we are their servants and strive for *their* benefit—not for our own. We would fain see all Christians blest with us, in the Catholic fold of Christ; and when was there ever advice so appropriate as that of an old apostle, to a primitive bishop!—"And the servant of God must not strive; but be gentle unto all men; apt to teach; patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance, to the acknowledging of the Truth."

I confess that, for myself, I have a passion for the BEAUTY OF HOLINESS, as exemplified in the Liturgy and Offices of the Church; and if this book of ballads shall serve to impress the humblest Christian with a deeper love of his high and glorious privileges in this life, and with a more ardent longing for his hopes in the life of the world to come—I shall feel that I have neither written, nor lived in vain.



P O E M S.



ADVERTISEMENT

WITH a hope to afford variety, and employing some pages which the printer desires to fill, I annex a selection from a volume which has, since a year or two, been waiting for publication : entitled SACRED MELODIES. They are so called, not as being exclusively of a devotional cast ; but because, in all of them, whether liturgic, contemplative, or fanciful, there has been an endeavour to regard every thing with a Christian eye, and to speak the natural emotion, with the voice of one that hopes to sing in Heaven.



MARCH.

Man goeth to his long home. Eccles. 12:5.

WORDS TO STRANGE MUSIC.

1.

March—march—march !
 Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho ! how they step,
 Going down to the dead !
Every stride, every tramp,
 Every footfall is nearer ;
And dimmer each lamp,
 As darkness grows drearer ;
But ho ! how they march,
 Making sounds as they tread ;
Ho-ho ! how they step,
 Going down to the dead !

2.

March—march—march !
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho, how they laugh,
Going down to the dead !
How they whirl—how they trip,
How they smile, how they dally,
How blithsome they skip,
Going down to the valley ;
Oh ho, how they march,
Making sounds as they tread ;
Ho-ho, how they skip,
Going down to the dead !

3.

March—march—march !
Earth groans as they tread !
Each carries a skull ;
Going down to the dead !
Every stride—every stamp,
Every footfall is bolder ;
'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
With a skull on his shoulder !
But ho, how he steps
With a high tossing head,
That clay-covered bone,
Going down to the dead !

CANZONE T.

1.

Love like theirs was never lighted,
With a season to be blighted ;
It was deeper than emotion,
Deep as their deep souls' devotion,
Fixed in their fond hearts forever,
Like the soul—to perish never.

2.

They were friends in that sweet season,
When the heart is foe to Reason :
Loving fondly, loving kindly,
Blind to fate—yet loving blindly ;
Happy in the passing minute ;
Naught the next, though Death were in it.

3.

They were friends whom fortune parted,
Severing sad and broken hearted :
God's own law their trothall hind' red,
For their souls were near a-kindred ;
Lovers not—twin-children rather
Of the same all-glorious Father.

4.

Worlds there are, above all sorrow,
And that world is theirs to-morrow :
There where love is brighter, purer,
Shall their friendship be the surer ;
And when dreary life is over,
Each shall be the happier lover.

THE ZENAIDA DOVE.

Audubon tells that the cooings of this sweet Southeron are so plaintively sweet, and withal so innocent, that they have been known to melt the heart of a corsair, and sicken him with his way of life. On reading the anecdote, the following lines were addressed to a lady.

1.

WHEN the wounded bucanier
Moors alone, his pirate prone,
Seeking, in his flight of fear, -
Alabama's woody shore,
Oft reclined at heat of day,
In the green palmetto grove,
Sad, he lists the roundelay
Of the sweet Zenaida Dove.

2.

He is far from kin and kind,
He has seen his comrades die ;
Now the bold and dark of mind,
Is as dim and dark of eye.
She is singing, in her home,
Innocent and soft as love ;
Ne'er a wish or wing to roam
Hath the sweet Zenaida Dove.

3.

Then, as soft the carol pours,
Will he turn his languid eye
Round the cypress-shaded shores,
Feeling it is hard to die.
Tears, as gentle as a child,
Pay the minstrelsy above,
And the pirate's heart grows mild
Listening the Zenaida Dove.

4.

Lady, when mine erring heart
Made my dark and gloomy brow,
We had been for years apart,
Guilty I—but holy thou.
But—by chance!—we met agen,
Thou all innocence and love!
I beheld abash'd—and then
Thou wast my Zenaida Dove.

5.

Youth was fever in my blood,
And a frenzy in mine eye:
Thou hadst bloomed to maidenhood,
Guileless all as infancy:
Dear thy voice, as childhood seemed,
And thine eye was mild as love,
With a soft rebuke it beamed:
Thou wast my Zenaida Dove.

CANZONET.

TO THE MUSIC OF VON WEBER'S LAST WALTZ.

1.

I'd die mid soft music,
And whispering the lay,
I'd breathe in sweet singing
My spirit away.
Bend o'er me, though weeping,
Thou beautiful one,
With thy long flowing tresses
Till sinks my life's sun :
Then round me, ye lovely,
Sigh sad to the lute,
And warble your sorrow
While breathes the soft flute.
I'd die, &c.

2.

I've lived mid the lovely,
And dying, I'd hear
The voice of the lovely
Sound last on mine ear.

In life, and in blooming
I've loved the soft lyre,
And music shall soothe me
Till faint I expire.
Till Earth's music failing
I join, as I rise,
The far fading echoes
That float from the skies.
I'd die, &c.

L A M E N T .

FROM THE LATIN OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

1.

Oh blessed Redeemer, I've trusted in thee,
Oh Saviour, my JESU, now liberate me !

 In horrible prison,
 And gloom, have arisen
My sighs, oh my JESU, incessant to thee;
 But oh, on my sorrow,
 Has brightened no morrow,
Yet hear me, my JESU, and liberate me !

2.

Oh blessed Redeemer, I've trusted in thee,
And still will I trust thee, to liberate me !

 And so, while I languish,
 I cry in my anguish,
Adoring, imploring, and bending the knee ;
 In sorrow and tremor,
 Oh blessed Redeemer,
Smile on me from Heaven, and liberate me !

LAKE BYROM,

IN THE COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER, N. Y.

1.

By thy still waters, lonely Lake,
The wild-dove builds her hermit home,
And there her matin-song doth make,
Where mornings all like Sabbaths come :
O'er thee she flits with silent wing,
Or lulls thee with its silken sound,
Thee—sleeping like a holy thing,
And hid from all the world around.

2.

No voice along thy leafy shore,
But nature's hymns are rising there,
Nor oft the echo-waking oar
Disturbs thy breast, and haunted air !
A fane upon thy water side
With lights ablaze in every cell,
How bright 'twould seem at eventide,
How soft be heard its Vesper Bell !

3.

By thy still waters, lonely Lake,
I too could build a hermit home,
Where mornings all like Sabbaths break,
And Earth's alarm can never come ;
And there, this bosom, Heavenly Dove,
A cell for thy repose might be,
Forsaking all for worlds above,
And all the world forsaking me.

HYMN FOR EPIPHANY.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

1.

LORD, when thou didst come from Heaven,
Edom sought thee, from afar,
With her gold and incense given,
By the leading of a star;
Westward then, from Eden guiding,
Was the light of Bethlehem shed;
Like the pillar'd blaze abiding
O'er the wandering Hebrew's head.

2.

Westward still, the world alluring,
Hath the risen Day-Star beamed,
And, the sinking soul assuring,
O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.
Westward still, the midnight breaking,
Westward still, its light be poured!
Heathen thy possession making,
Utmost lands thy dwelling, LORD!

3.

Westward, where from giant fountains,
 Oregon comes down in flood,
Westward to Missouri's mountains,
 Or to wild Iowa's wood :
Where the broad Arkansas goeth,
 Winding o'er savannahs wide ;
Where, beyond old Huron, floweth
 Many a strong eternal tide.

4.

Westward, where the wavy prairie
 Dark as slumbering ocean lies,
Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,
 O'er the shadow'd billows rise !
There, be heard ye herald voices
 Till the Lord his glory shows,
And the lonely place rejoices,
 With the bloom of Sharon's rose.

5.

Where the wilderness is lying,
 And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
 Make a highway for our God :
Westward—till the Church be kneeling
 In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wildwoods arches pealing,
 With the people's holy hymn !

6.

Westward, still, oh LORD, in glory
 Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Till from vale to mountain hoary,
 Rolls the anthem round the world ;
Reign, oh reign o'er every nation,
 Reign, Redeemer, Father, King,
And with songs of thy salvation,
 Let the wide creation ring !

IN RADIANCE HE CAME.

1.

IN radiance he came from the mount where he
bowed,
To talk with the LORD in the veil of the cloud ;
And light flashed before him, as trembling he trod,
From the mountain that quaked at the coming of
God.

2.

'Twas Israel's Prophet—oh breathe not his name,
Who talked with the LORD till his visage was flame ;
Whose brow with the smile of Jehovah did glow,
And shone with the blaze of his glory below !

3.

Oh, bright as the mercy-seat, dazzling afar,
He rose on the night of the vale like a star,
And dread was the sight to the recreant's mirth,
Who praised his grim idol, while God was on earth.

4.

Then flew the swift shudder electric of fear,
And stole the breath-whisper of guilt on the ear,
And the dancer was dumb at his orgies abhorr'd,
And the renegade priest knew the friend of the LORD.

5.

And the virgins of Judah are lightsome of limb
As they whirl round the Calf to a love-breathing hymn;
And the damsel's swift heel hath a language that
speaks,
And the hue of her heart flushes warm on her cheeks.

6.

A moment—and mute as the startled gazelle,
All wild is her eye—the dark eye of her spell!
And breaks the frail ring o'er the dance-beaten sod,
Like flowers dropping pale from their garlanded god.

7.

So dazzling the beauty of holiness bright!
The glory of goodness—the wonderful light!
So, LORD, would I shine from my converse above,
So shed on the nations the light of thy love.

8.

And so from the mountains the height of my prayer,
Where dwelling with thee, it was good to be there,
Grant, LORD, I may stoop to the valleys below,
With visage all radiant, and features that glow.

HYMN IN HOLY WEEK.

1.

Who is this, with garments gory,
Triumphing from Bozrah's way ;
This, that weareth robes of glory,
Bright, with more than vict'ry's ray ;
Who is this unwearied comer
From the journey's sultry length,
Travelling through Idume's summer,
In the greatness of his strength !

2.

Wherefore red in thine apparel,
Like the conquerors of Earth,
And arrayed like those who carol
O'er the reeking vineyard's mirth ;
Who art thou, the valleys seeking,
Where our peaceful harvests wave !
I—in righteous anger speaking,
I—the mighty one to save.

3.

I, that of the raging heathen
Trode the wine-press all alone,
Now in victor-garlands wreathen,
Coming to redeem mine own :
I am He with sprinkled raiment
Glorious from my vengeance hour,
Ransoming with priceless payment,
And delivering with power.

4.

Hail, all hail thou LORD of Glory !
Thee our Father, thee we own !
Abram heard not of our story,
Israel ne'er our name hath known ;
But, Redeemer, thou hast sought us,
Thou hast heard thy children's wail,
Thou with thy dear blood, hast bought us,
Hail, thou mighty Victor, hail !

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

1.

DEEP night o'er thy waters, thou dark-rolling Nile,
And the Hebrew sleeps trembling, his lord with a
smile,
For a voice comes in dreams to the children of God :
But the proud have no whisper that Death is abroad !

2.

So, nestled in rocks, when the whirlwind is nigh,
They hear its far coming—the birds of the sky !
While trees it must shiver in leaf and in form,
Are hush as the stillness that heralds the storm.

3.

And the Memphian, at midnight, lay smiling and
pleased,
His sin all unshriven, his God unappeas'd,
Till o'er his dark slumbers chill shadows were curl'd,
And the soul of the dreamer was far from the world.

4.

And he lay in the coils of the death-spirit, mute,
With a seal on his lips, like the blast in the fruit :
And he seem'd as when hoar-frost hath stiffen'd the
 flower ;
'Twas the blight of the LORD, 'twas the touch of his
 power.

5.

But still was the starlight—while, shrouded and
 hid,
Death brooded o'er palace, and cold pyramid ;
No voice on the midnight ; no larum of wrath ;
No sound of the whirlwind—but only its path.

6.

And a cry was in Egypt, when rose the red morn,
For a thousand pale mothers bewail'd their first
 born ;
And Memnon's sweet music that greeted the Sun
Was lost in the moan of a nation undone.

7.

And shriek'd the young wife o'er the child of her
 pain,
That never should breathe on her bosom again,
And breasts that were warm with their nursling
 before,
But heaved, in her grief, for the boy that she bore.

8.

And the bride shrunk aghast, like the death-stricken
dove,
When she woke in the cold frozen lock of her love :
And a groan for the noble, the Lovely outpour'd,
A wail for the battle they waged with the Lord.

9.

And they seem'd like the willows, that, left on the
steep,
Are bent o'er the wreck of the forest to weep,
Or lilies that dripping, and drooping of form,
Shed tears o'er the broken, the spoil of the storm.

10.

Ye join not the wailing, ye dwellers of Zan !
Hath the death-angel spared ye, that smote as he ran ?
Oh, the blood-sprinkled lintel hath stay'd his proud
reign,
And watch'd at your threshold the Lamb that was
slain.

HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

1.

WHEN o'er Judea's vales and hills,
Or by her olive-shaded rills,
Thy weary footsteps went of old,
Or walked the lulling waters bold,
How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !

2.

Oh ! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light,
Oh ! who like thee, did ever go
So patient, through a world of wo,
Oh ! who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before,
So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,
So glorious in humility !

3.

The morning saw thee, like the day,
Forth on thy light-bestowing way ;
And evening in her holy hues,
Shed down her sweet baptismal dews,
Where bending angels stoop'd to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity!

4.

The hours when princes sought their rest
Beheld thee, still, no chamber's guest ;
But when the chilly night hung round,
And man from thee, sweet slumber found,
Thy wearied footsteps sought, alone,
The mountain to thy sorrows known,
And darkness heard thy patient prayer,
Or hid thee, in the prowler's lair.

5.

And all thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows, and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon thy bending shoulders weigh'd ;
And death, that sets the pris'ner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glow'd,
And mercy with thy life-blood flow'd.

6.

O wondrous Lord ! my soul would be
Still more and more conform'd to thee,
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fever'd veins within,
And learn of Thee, the lowly one,
And like thee, all my journey run,
Above the world, and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

7.

Oh ! in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of wo ;
And give me ever, on the road,
To trace thy footsteps, O my God !
My passions lull, my spirit calm,
And make this lion-heart a lamb ;
And give me all my life to be
A sacrifice to love and thee !



